

HAZEL GREEN HERALD.

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VOL. III.

HAZEL GREEN, WOLFE COUNTY, KY., FRIDAY OCTOBER, 28, 1887.

NO. 34.

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AND REAL ESTATE AGENT,
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Will practice in all the Courts of Wolfe, Powell, Menifee and Breathitt counties. Titles examined; abstracts furnished; taxes paid for non-residents; real estate bought and sold. Collections a specialty.

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Have the following property which they wish to sell at once, and parties desiring to secure bargains will find it to their interest to inspect the property. We will trade some of it to blue grass land. Write us.

No. 1—178 acres of land on Laurel Creek, Wolfe county, 4 1/2 miles from Hazel Green. Good dwelling house and outbuildings, well watered, good timber, fine apple orchard, coal veins, &c.

No. 2—One two story dwelling built in 1884, containing six rooms, good out buildings, a well of never-failing water, beautiful shrubbery and a fine assortment of fruit, grapes, &c. The best garden in town, one of the most desirable dwellings to be found in Hazel Green. Situated on the height leading to the celebrated Swango Springs, about midway between the center of town and the Springs.

No. 3—316 acres of land on Lacy Creek 2 miles south of Hazel Green, on main road to Campton, has about 200 acres of good timber, and an inexhaustible quantity of the finest quality of split and bituminous coal, some fine quality of canal coal.

No. 4—100 acres of land 2 miles south of Hazel Green, fine farming land, 50 acres in cultivation, nearly all bottom land, good neighborhood, and convenient to schools and churches.

No. 5—500 acres of land, the survey beginning on the Standing Rock, corner of Lee, Powell and Wolfe counties, 10 miles from Campton, on the head waters of the Graining Block Fork of Red River. It is entirely covered with a virgin forest of pine, poplar, oak, walnut, hickory and chestnut timber.

No. 7—40 acres of land, most of which lies in the corporate limits of Hazel Green, on the road leading from town to Swango Springs, joins No. 3 and is known as the Mrs. Eliza Trimble tract. Can be laid off into the most desirable town lots in Hazel Green. It is newly fenced and in cultivation.

No. 8—One house and lot in Northwest Hazel Green, near the common school building, good new dwelling house with four rooms, good outbuildings, garden, &c.

No. 9—2,000 acres of land on Kentucky River and French Creek, Breathitt county, 7 miles below Jackson, on the surveyed lines of the Kentucky Union and Cincinnati and Southeastern railroads. It is covered with a heavy forest of the finest timber in the State, including oak, walnut, poplar, ash, &c., and is underlaid with inexhaustible veins of canal and bituminous coal.

No. 10—About 87 acres of land on Lacy Creek 1 1/2 miles from Hazel Green, has a good barn, is well fenced, about 30 acres in grass, an acre of chestnut timber, is well watered and is good farming land.

No. 11—295 acres of land southeast of Hazel Green on Red River, coal bank 92 inches thick, 230 acres of fine poplar, oak and other timber, 35 acres in cultivation, 3 good dwelling houses and outbuildings, 2 wells of never-failing water and good young orchard.

No. 12—250 acres on Gillmore Creek, 5 miles south of Hazel Green, good coal and fine timber, good dwelling, barn and outbuildings, fine orchard with 1,500 bearing apple trees.

No. 13—165 acres on Gillmore Creek, 5 miles south of Hazel Green, good timber and coal, dwelling, barn, orchard, &c.

No. 14—100 acres on Lower Devil's Creek in Wolfe county, south of Campton on the surveyed line of Kentucky Union railroad, good timber including white pine, poplar, oak, &c.

No. 15—About 100 acres on Gillmore Creek, 4 miles south of Hazel Green, fully 100 acres of fine timber, veins of best quality of split and bituminous coal, good dwelling, barn and out buildings, good farming land.

No. 16—70 acres on Gillmore Creek, 4 1/2 miles south of Hazel Green, 15 acres good bottom land, an apple orchard of 60 bearing trees, good dwelling house and outbuildings, good well, underlaid with coal, timber sufficient for farming purposes.

No. 17—1298 acres on Kentucky River at the mouth of Holly Creek, in Wolfe and Breathitt counties, fine coal developed, and known as the Rose and Holton coal banks, fine timber.

No. 18—113 acres on Devil's Creek, Wolfe county, 3 miles southeast of Campton, fine canal coal, 7 feet thick, known as the Hobbs coal bank, fine timber.

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REV. E. O. GUERRANT.

His Success as a Soldier, Physician and Minister.

We met Rev. E. O. Guerrant, of Troy, Woodford county, on his way to Cincinnati last Tuesday to attend to some private business and visit a sick friend.

He has had a remarkably successful career in life. When a boy he entered the Confederate army, and served with distinction through the war, part of the time being upon Gen. Marshall's staff. After the close of the war, he studied medicine, and located in Mt. Sterling, where he had a large and lucrative practice; and for sometime he determined if he was restored to health to quit the practice of medicine and enter the field as a minister of the church of his fathers, the Presbyterian. Upon his recovery he announced the resolution he had made while sick. In a few weeks he left to study theology. After taking his course he returned to the people who had honored and trusted him in his start as a physician, and entered upon his work with the same zeal and energy that he had as a soldier or physician, and at once took rank among the leading ministers of the State. His services were demanded from different parts of the State, but he accepted a call at Louisville. He remained there for about a year, when he resigned to enter the field as an Evangelist and for a few years devoted his time to that work, establishing several churches in Eastern Kentucky, where there was not a Presbyterian church, and in some places not a member of that church. He is now pastor of a church in Woodford county, though he still deprecates considerable of his time in preaching at other churches and establishing new organizations. He speaks with ease, is interesting, instructive and popular with everybody who knows him. He informed us he had ten children, the three older now attending school in Lexington.—Georgetown News-Enterprise.

Our Wealthy Men.

Much has been said in newspapers of men who have made large fortunes in comparatively a few years in various business industries. Many of these articles are written by correspondents of prominent newspapers, and copied into others of lesser note. Correspondents generally are seldom men of business qualifications and wrongfully picture these men and their business as a thing of accident; this is not the case with those we have met. We find that where men have made large fortunes by their own business talent and industry they chose with sagacity and forethought such businesses as would lead to success when handled with business judgement. No man has been brought before the public as an example of success, both in wealth and magnitude of his business (outside of stock and railroad men) more prominently than Dr. G. G. Green of Woodbury, N. J. He is at the head of many large business industries, and yet comparatively a young man. When the fact that August Flower, for dyspepsia and liver complaint and Boesche's German Syrup, for coughs and lung troubles, has grown to a wonderful sale in all parts of the world, it proves that it was not an accident or spontaneous strike at wealth. His medicines are recognized as valuable and established remedies and the business has grown gradually and permanently during the last eighteen years on account not alone of Dr. Green's abilities as a business man of his "good luck," but on the actual merits of the two preparations.—Copied from the N. Y. Weekly Sun, of Dec 23, 1886.

The "Life of the flesh is the blood thereof," pure blood means healthy functional activity and this bears with it the certainty of quick restoration from sickness or accident. Dr. J. H. McLean's Strengthening Cordial and Blood Purifier gives pure rich blood, and vitalizes and strengthens the whole body. \$1.00 per bottle. Sold by G. B. Swango, Hazel Green.

To every person who will send us \$9 in cash and nine subscribers, we will send THE HERALD one year free.

Get your blanks at this office and you will save money.

WOMAN SCORNED.

Driven Crazy by Frequent Disappointments She Tries to Kill Her Heartless Abandoner.

OWENSBORO, Ky., October 21.—Dr. J. D. Coffman, a leading physician of this county, and Miss Pannie Moore, daughter of Mrs. Levi Moore, have been engaged to be married for something over a year, and the wedding day has been repeatedly set during that time, but on each recurrence of the day set they doctor would fail to come to time, but would offer instead postponement. Yesterday was the last day set, and the doctor again failed to show up. Miss Moore ordered her buggy out and drove over to the doctor's house. She found him in his study, and without a word drew a pistol from her bosom and fired on him. The ball grazed his shoulder, and he sprang upon her and wrested the weapon from her before she could fire a second time. She fought with her hands and teeth like a tigress, but the doctor tore away from her and fastened her in the study. Going into the yard, he fired all the shots out of the revolver and threw it away, afterward mounting his horse and riding away. As soon as she could get out of the doctor's office the girl got in her buggy and followed after him. She took the wrong road, however, and, failing to overtake her lover after driving some seven or eight miles, she returned home. She has been a raving maniac, and it is thought that her reason is permanently overthrown.

Dr. Coffman has not been heard of since his departure. Much sympathy exists for the young lady, as she is of a good family, and as pretty as she has always been modest and retiring. It is thought that she has been rendered crazy by her frequent disappointments, and that her attack on her recreant lover was not dictated by reason.

An epidemic of "milk sickness" has broken out on White Run, in Ohio county. A number of deaths have occurred, and there are a large number of patients whose recovery is hopeless. This disease has baffled science for a hundred years for an explanation of its origin, and it yields to no known remedy or system of treatment. About one in three of the patients dies, and those who recover are subject to relapses during the whole course of their lives, however long. The "milk sickness" was extremely common in the early settlement of the community where it now exists, but nothing has been known of it there before twenty years. Considerable excitement exists in regard to it.

Wretched, Indeed.

Are those whom a confirmed tendency to biliousness, subject to the various and changeable symptoms indicative of liver complaint? Nausea, sick headache, constipation, furred tongue, an unpleasant breath, a dull or sharp pain in the neighborhood of the affected organ, impurity of the blood and loss of appetite, signalize it as one of the most common of maladies. There is, however, a benign specific for the disease and all its unpleasant manifestations. It is the concurrent testimony of the public and the medical profession, that Hostetter's Stomach Bitters is a medicine which achieves results speedily felt, thorough and benign. Besides rectifying liver disorder, it invigorates the feeble, conquers kidney and bladder complaints, and hastens the convalescence of those recovering from enfeebling diseases. Moreover, it is the grand specific for fever and ague.

John I. Scholl, who has been confined in jail here for carrying concealed weapons, made a successful dash for liberty just after noon of last Tuesday. He induced the jailer's little son, Sam, to unlock the door on some pretext, and push his way out past him. Uncle Billy Combs immediately took his trail, vowing never to return without him. Just as the shades of the next evening were deepening into night, our valiant jailer reappeared with his man, looking considerably the worse for his hard run, in tow, having run him down in a thicket about a mile from his father's house. This speedy recapture is highly creditable to Uncle Billy.—Stanton Monitor.

Life will acquire new zest, and cheerfulness return, if you will impel your liver and kidneys to the performance of their functions. Dr. J. H. McLean's Liver and Kidney Balm will stimulate them to healthy action. \$1.00 per bottle. Sold by G. B. Swango, Hazel Green.

LINCOLN'S STATUE

Unveiled Saturday afternoon at Lincoln Park, Chicago.

CHICAGO, October 22.—The great statue of Abraham Lincoln was unveiled this afternoon at Lincoln Park, in the presence of a large crowd that had braved the chilly wind from the lake and assembled to witness the ceremony. Shortly before three o'clock the booming of cannon startled the assembled multitude, and as the sound of the cannon died away over the water of Lake Michigan, little Abe Lincoln, the son of Robert T. Lincoln, stepped up to the base of the flag-covered bronze figure of his grandfather and pulled a rope which held the covering. The folds slowly loosened and dropped down at the base, and the tall, erect figure of Abraham Lincoln shone brightly in the sun, which struggled through the clouds at that moment. A tremendous shout went up from the five thousand people assembled, and it was joined a moment later by the roar from the cannon. Mr. Thomas F. Withrow, one of the trustees of the Bates fund, out of which the cost of the monument was defrayed, formally presented the figure to the Lincoln Park Board, and Mr. W. C. Goudy replied in behalf of the Board.

The oration was delivered by the Hon. Leonard Sweet, whose intimate political, social and domestic relations with the great President have made him one of the best informed men now living on Lincoln's life.

A Petrified Salmon.

Henry Bensen, of Hayden Hill, Lassen county has in his possession a specimen of petrified salmon. The former fleshy part resembles crystallized and variegated quartz, retaining in part the yellowish color of the salmon, and what was formerly the skin of the fish is now a sort of porcelain or white flint. The entire specimen is of the very hardest of quartz in texture. It was found on a hillside at about 1,500 feet altitude from the floor of Big Valley, and evidently petrified at that point. This would indicate that salmon inhabited the ancient rivers, the beds of which now form strata of the Sierra Nevada mountains, and in which ancient channels lie the rich deposits of California gold. These ancient river beds, as is well known, are found at various heights above the sea level, and in some places but a few hundred feet below the crest of the range, and perhaps hundreds of feet beneath solid formation of mother earth, and running entirely independent of any present surface formation. To determine with certainty that salmon inhabited these ancient rivers would be an interesting fact as it would fix at much later date than is generally supposed the geological period when, by mighty upheaval, these old river courses were changed and obliterated from the face of the earth.—Sacramento Record-Union.

Astonishing Success.

It is the duty of every person who has used Boesche's German Syrup to let its wonderful qualities be known to their friends in curing Consumption, severe Coughs, Croup, Asthma, Pneumonia, and in fact all throat and lung diseases. No person can use it without immediate relief. Three doses will relieve any case, and we consider it the duty of all Druggists to recommend it to the poor, dying consumptive, at least to try one bottle, as 80,000 dozen bottles were sold last year, and no one case where it failed was reported. Such a medicine as the German Syrup can not be too widely known. Ask your druggist about it. Sample bottles to try, sold at 10 cents. Regular size, 75 cents. Sold by all Druggists and Dealers in the United States and Canada.

Things Quiet in Bell.

PINEVILLE, Ky., Oct. 24.—Things are becoming more quiet in Bell. The Turner faction is about broke up on Yellow creek. T. J. Henderson, Joe Henderson, alias Turner, and Dick Piers are all in jail, and men are out after the rest of the crowd, and will either capture them or drive them from the county. Alvin Turner was caught last Friday morning, and T. J. Henderson Saturday morning. Joe Henderson and Dick Piers came in to the jail to see Jeff Henderson, and were caught without any trouble. All are in jail without bail, but will have an examination for bail early this week.

SPENCER COOPER, Publisher.

HAZEL GREEN, - KENTUCKY.

WHY SHOULD THEY NOT?

Why should they not, on free and tireless wing,
 'tis here, if, in their journeying,
 From the Free Country, where apart they dwell,
 They years for us, as we years for them?
 If but to touch their safety garments' hem!

Why should they not? We wait at eve and morn
 For their return,
 And our poor hearts ill brook their long delay,
 As day by day.

We wait, and watch, and listen for the tread
 Of those whom we call "dead!"

Why should they not, from that mysterious change
 We miscel' death's gain larger, ampler range,
 To serve, as God's high ministers of good,
 To our poor humanhood?

Why not their kindliest speak
 More than our wretched senses dared to hear?
 Why not, from sorrow's check,
 With unison fingers, wave away the tear?

Aye! do they not, with clearer sense, discern
 What we so slowly learn?

The while, with kindly purpose, still
 They prompt to good and warn us of the ill?
 Does not their kind rebuke
 Greet us like labor and in rest?

And, through the night,
 Do we not see their faces, calm and white,
 Pressed 'gainst the bars, which shut them into light?

While, with fond hands, they beckon us away
 Into their day?

Why should they not? Oh, dim and un-
 derstood!

The inner from the outer sight concealed!
 We wander still along the mist-hung river
 That rolls between us and the dread frontier;
 And to its waves that kiss our shrinking feet,
 Our vague, untutored questionings repeat;

And yet no sound
 Brings answering echo from the dark profound.

Why should they not? Oh, universal will!
 Did these strange queries of our hearts "Be still!"

Teach us the truth which spurs the creed of fate,
 And opens wide doubt's interposing gate?

Thou, the All-Father! We, Thy children, would,
 With upturned hands, receive both ill and good.

Undoubting still, will, crossed the narrow tide,
 All is made plain upon the other side.

- P. Driver.

The Captain's Money.

A Tale of Buried Treasure, Cuban Revolt and Adventure Upon the Seas.

IN FOUR PARTS.

BY JAMES FRANKLIN FITTS.

(Copyright, 1887, by The A. N. Kellogg Newspaper Company.)

PART I.—CHAPTER I.

"THE PATRIOT'S STORY."
 "You just said (Henry Crawford be-
 gan) that it was a million to one yes-
 terday that I should be alive to-day."

I took a desperate chance, most certainly,
 and had a wonderful escape; but there have been some things in my education and experience which made it possible for me to succeed in such an attempt, where hundreds would be sure to fail. For instance, I had the most careful training in athletics; I learned to run like a deer and box like a prize-fighter. I don't brag; but my muscles are hard as steel. Any thing that quickness and strength could do for me would be certain to be done.

Then I traveled some years ago with a theatrical troupe, and learned the craft of disguises of costume, voice and face. All these things, you will easily see, have helped me to safety in the cabin of this bark, instead of putting me in the garrote-chain. I shan't speak of these things again; I mention them at the start, so that they need not be again referred to.

"The name I gave you a few moments ago is my real one. I will be twenty-five years old next week. My mother died when I was born; I was an only child, and, some way or other, escaped being entirely spoiled. My father—Heaven rest him!—died three years ago. He was an importer in Boston, and very wealthy."

"Not Myron Crawford?" the Captain interrupted.

"That was his name."

"Bless me—can it be possible! Why, my lad, I sailed his ships before you were born. But come to look at your face closely. I might have seen his looks in it."

"He always thought he was wealthy (the young man went on), and I supposed when he died that I had inherited great wealth. The settlement of his estate showed that it was heavily incumbered, and liable for other people's debts, and, to shorten a long story, I found myself, with hardly a dollar in the world. Last spring I went to New Orleans, where I fell in with the filibusters. But there is something to be told before we get to that."

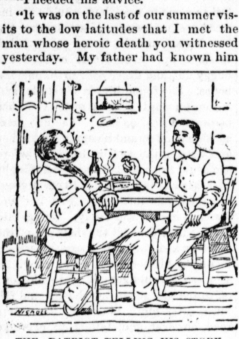
"My dear father liked the climate of Cuba, and he made many visits to the island. These were usually arranged for my school vacations, so that I could go with him. Before I became twenty, I had passed altogether as much as two years there. I became about as proficient in the Spanish tongue as a native, and Havana is quite as familiar to me to-day as Boston. These facts will explain some other things about my escape that seem wonderful to you."

"The standing and correspondence of my father made him acquaintances and friends among the best and richest people of the island, and you may imagine that our visits were most delightful. I became enamored with Cuba—its soil, its climate, its great wealth of vegetation. I began to see when I was not more than sixteen years old what I believe now to be true—that it is by nature the most favored corner of the globe. I read the history of the island, and I could not but see how the iron tyranny and grasping avarice of Spain were dwarfing it. Once I spoke to my father on the subject, and he gave me some very good advice."

"My son, read about Cuba, learn all you can about Cuba, and think all you want to—but don't say a word till you get back to the United States. There's nothing too cruel or too mean for these Spanish authorities to do; and free speech is an expression that is not in their dictionary."

"I headed his advice."

"It was on the last of our summer visits to the low latitudes that I met the man whose heroic death you witnessed yesterday. My father had known him



THE PATRIOT TELLING HIS STORY.

for years, and had many commercial dealings with him; but circumstances had prevented his accepting the offer of his hospitality at his magnificent tobacco plantation back of Matanzas. At this time we passed there two of the most delightful weeks of my life. This was in 1847; our war with Mexico was then raging. I was a youth of twenty-one; my father died the next year. Lopez was at this time forty-eight, and one of the most charming of men. He would talk by the hour of his military career in South America and Spain; but I could not get him to say anything of Cuba. He would speak of his enthusiasm of my talk about the island and its great possibilities; and I remember that he once said:

"Ah, well, Senor Henry, I fear you won't be so sanguine about poor Cuba when you have seen as many years as I have of Cuba. I tell you, *gracias a Dios*, who can tell what may happen? I believe that Cuba has a great future; but sometimes I fear that I may not live to see it. But you may."

"Time passed, my father died, I was found to be almost penniless, and I went into the counting-house of one of the capitalists. I filled a place at the desk for more than two years, for which I was perfectly capable; but the confinement was disagreeable. I had seen so much of life and the world that I craved change and excitement. As I told you, I went to New Orleans last spring. I promised to tell you everything, but you'll excuse me if I leave out my falling in love in Boston just before I left."

"I'll excuse nothing of the kind," promptly interrupted the Captain.

"Falling in love is the most natural as well as the most absurd thing a youngster can do. If you're making a clean breast of it I want the whole."

"There's very little to be told about it. The lady was visiting at the home of my employer. We met and loved. I have her picture and she has mine. If fortune is kind to me now that I am going to give up roving and settle down to hard work, I shall marry her some day. That's all about that."

"My journey to New Orleans was undertaken to look after a promising venture that my kind employer had put me on the track of. At the Saint Charles Hotel I met General Lopez. He was delighted to see me, and many questions the whole morning talking over old times in Cuba. Many questions that I asked him about people I had met there he could not answer; and when he said that I thought strange of it, he said with a laugh:

"The fact is, Senor Henry, I've not been to Bella Clara lately—that is, not to stay. They have confiscated my estate there, and set a price on my head. You surely have read of the unsuccessful Round Island and Cardenas expeditions."

"Why, certainly, I said; but it never occurred to me that you were the leader of them."

"There's no Lopez so likely to be as I. Yes, I'm the man. I was burning to strike for Free Cuba when you used to talk so eloquently about our dear land at my home; but the time had not then come. It has now. I verily believe. I have five hundred Cuban refugees in this city, ready to embark.

The gallant Colonel Will Crittenden, of Kentucky, brings me an hundred more. I am negotiating now for arms, and striving to conceal my intentions from the United States authorities. In July or August I shall land on the soil of Cuba with these patriots. The island will rise. Spanish oppression will be driven out. Freedom to Cuba will follow—perhaps annexation to the United States. We shall see."

"It needed no urging to make me throw myself into this movement heart and soul. Let me make a short story of what followed. Now that it is all over—now that Lopez, Crittenden, and at least an hundred of their followers have suffered death, and two or three hundred more are rotting in Spanish dungeons, I can talk coolly and candidly about it. The leaders were brave enough and enthusiastic enough; but their bravery and enthusiasm couldn't avail with scanty arms, poor equipment and no artillery. We had many good men, but they were not the better than the sweepings of New Orleans. We landed at Morelos last month, and met several detachments of Spanish troops. And we whipped them every time they came against us, less than ten to one! But of course this style of campaigning couldn't be kept up. We got no recruits; the people wouldn't rise; our numbers were reduced by sickness and the bullet, and at length a powerful force dispersed us, capturing Crittenden and his detachment. The General and I made our way to the mountains; we separated one night for safety, engaging to meet on the coast at a certain time and place. The next day I heard of his capture. I was working in the fields disguised as a laborer, my face stained with a preparation that I got in Havana four years ago. Three different parties of soldiers arrested me, examined me and discharged me; my disguise, my fluency of the language, and my knowledge of the country, made me absolutely secure. Why, then, you will ask, did I risk appearing in Havana at such a time? My answer is simply: Lopez; I wanted to be near him; I wanted to know his fate, and to assist him, if possible. Once in the city, there were a hundred refugees who would be secure. The one I chose was the home of a Jew clothier, on one of the darkest and most obscure streets of the city. I had struck up an odd kind of friendship with him years before, and I knew he would do any thing for me."

"Now, I'll admit in advance all you'd like to say about my subsequent conduct. It was, of course, the height of folly for me to mingle with all those thousands on the Paseo yesterday. I can only say that I should have gone and looked upon my brave leader and friend in his last moments, had I known that fortune would follow. I simply could not help it. And when I witnessed his cruel death and heard that insulting proclamation, I thought that the stones would cry out if I kept silent! It was foolish, of course; but it was just like me to do it."

"I understand you, my lad," said the Captain. "It was pretty hard work for me to keep still."

"When I was arrested, my first thought was that my hours were numbered. I had not been taken beyond the Paseo before I had thought the matter over and determined to make an effort to escape. Beside the other things that favored me, the boldness of the attempt made success possible. I was well acquainted with the soldiery into whose hands I had fallen, and I knew they would never dream of such an attempt. At the worst, a Spanish bullet would finish me; should I fail to try, I was certain of the garrote. You see the attempt and my decision. The Captain who recognized and arrested me was one whom I had seen shoot a wounded insurgent at Las Pozas; and I hope you'll believe me when I say that nothing in my life ever gave me a greater satisfaction than to break his head with the butt of one of his own muskets."

"I made my way quickly and safely back to the Jew's. He hid me so securely that I was not in the slightest danger of capture, though both his home and shop were twice ransacked last night by the patrol. Before day-light the whole morning talking over we arranged the plan of escape that has been successfully carried into execution. I knew that the pursuit would be kept hot for weeks; I could trust my faithful Jew with my life, but I could not trust the long chapter of accidents that had attended my escape. I determined that I must leave Cuba at once. These Havana Jews know every thing that is transpiring. With a lot of other gossip, he had told me of the American merchant- vessel in the harbor without a crew, whose crew was to be picked up one day. I caught the change of my disguise I was absolutely sure of; my only fear was that you had already got all the men you wanted. But I came down to the quay with the agent, and when I saw you, I recognized you at once as the man who stood behind me yesterday. I saw five hundred Cuban refugees in this city, ready to embark.

my hearing. I need say no more, I'm safe under the old flag, thank God!"

The narrative of Henry Crawford was listened to with the deepest interest by the Captain, and, naturally, led to fifteen minutes more of conversation upon matters suggested by the remarkable adventures of the young man, and the name of his father, which led to some reminiscences on the part of the Captain. It is needless to say that this interview, of almost an hour, strengthened and warmed the attachment that the ardent and impulsive old sailor had conceived for his gallant young guest.

He was, in fact, prepared to "grapple him to his soul with hooks of steel."

The cook now sent one of the negroes down with an appetizing supper, to which the Captain and his friend did full justice. They had, in fact, eaten nothing since the early breakfast of that morning.

The sun had set, and the soft twilight of the tropics that precedes the moon's rising prevailed, when these two left the cabin for the deck.

Each had a loaded revolver in his breast-pocket. They had held a very brief conference over the situation of affairs on the vessel, and were prepared to spend the night on deck.

The mate soon came down and ate a hearty supper from what was untouched by the others. Then he, too, returned to the deck.

And now occurred a singular incident. The cabin was vacant for ten minutes before the cook's assistant came down to clear away the leavings. In this interval the concealed watcher emerged from the cuddy, snatched bread, meat and cakes from the table, rolled them in a large cloth, and quit the cabin. Ascending the stairs till his eyes were on a level with the deck, he peered out. Dim figures could be seen, both fore and aft; but the light was faint; he was not perceived. He quietly skulked along the starboard side, and disappeared somewhere forward.

Yet one thing further we must record that occurred in the cabin before the Captain and his guest left it, before Mr. Hardy came down, and before Louis Hunter had fitted like an uneasy spirit away.

The Captain had his hand on the knob of the door, with his cap in the other hand, when a curious hesitation on the part of Crawford arrested his steps.

He looked inquiringly at him.

"You wanted the whole truth," said the young man?

"Well, you are treating me nobly, er, I am deeply affected by it. I feel that any concealment from you, after what has occurred between us, would be unjust to you, unworthy of me."

"Out with it, then."

"Captain Willis, not only was I glad to recover you this morning as the generous sailor I saw on the Paseo yesterday, but your vessel seemed very familiar to me. It seemed so from the name I read on her stern as I came on board. That name is very dear to me. Here, sir, is the picture of the lady to whom I engaged my life. Look at it."

The Captain took the daguerotype. He looked at it; he looked at Crawford.

He looked at his rough face, then a broad smile illumined it.

"Why, you young rascal—I can't believe my eyes! That's my daughter Nellie."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

It was a Boston woman who refused to buy some sugar-cured hams the other day on the ground that she never bought any thing that had been diseased. "For you know," she said, "that even if it had been cured some hidden germ of disease may still linger in it."—N. Y. Tribune.

He was riding with his elder sister and thought he could take some liberties. "Have you any objections to my smoking, Ma?" he asked. "No," she replied. "If you don't smoke the coachman will help you to alight."

"Another advance in shoe-leather," as the young fellow said when he saw her old man's foot approaching for a second look, when the first one had sent him down the front steps.

LATE NEWS ITEMS.

Charles Hengles, the well-known circus proprietor, was found dead in his bed at Hull, England, the other morning.

General Ferdinand Lemaire has been nominated as the Democratic candidate for Mayor of Baltimore. He has been elected twice to that position.

The Pennsylvania Construction Company of Harrisburg, Pa., has been awarded the contract for the iron work on the Public building at Pittsburgh.

A telephone company, with capital stock of \$100,000, has been incorporated at Indianapolis. The company proposes to manufacture the telephone patented by Hubert, Jr. of Allentown.

The President has appointed Charles M. Force, of Shelbyville, Ky., receiver of public money at Lewiston, Idaho.

Edward T. Dunn, Paymaster General, U. S. N., (retired) died at his residence in Baltimore a few days ago. He was seventy-seven years old.

Nine Indians of Buffalo Plains W. M. West Show returned from England the other day, on the steamer Wyoming. They said that the circus located at the climate of England did not agree with them.

The Lincoln Life Insurance Company, of Lincoln, Neb., has failed with heavy liabilities. The stockholders include some of the most wealthy and influential citizens of Lincoln. The disaster is attributed to bad management.

Sir Bernard Samuelson, President of the London Chamber of Commerce, in his annual address, the other day, declared that the currency and financial arrangements existing in the United States were in such a peculiar condition that England, France and Germany were living under the apprehension that a panic might occur at any moment in that country.

Acting on the advice of Judge Beckwith, the jury in the trial of the Buffalo, N. Y., asylum attendants, Sumner, Numan and Sharkey, charged with manslaughter in the second degree in causing the death of a patient, W. W. Williams, at the Buffalo Asylum last spring, returned a verdict of acquittal without leaving their seats. The jury decided that there was not sufficient evidence to convict.

The London papers say that the Thistle's defeat causes almost as much surprise as regret among English yachtsmen. They say that the Volunteer has good fortune in getting away from the first streak of wind, and they claim that the Thistle was hampered by the strain of the previous day's racing. The Thistle was last year. All the comment runs in this vein, most of the papers finding an excuse for the Thistle's defeat in the manner of starting.

The War Department has received no information in regard to the Indian troubles on the San Carlos reservation. Assistant Adjutant General Kellogg said yesterday that some apprehension was felt as to the state of affairs there, but that he had been dealt with by both the Interior and the War departments, and a new element is introduced by the advent of a sheriff and posse. The law requires that warrants should be served by the military instead of civil authorities. If, therefore, the sheriff insists upon taking a hand in the matter, considerable trouble will be caused.

A special dispatch from New London, Me., says that by the overflowing of two rivers the towns of Guernsey and Salado, near the Rio Grande, have been almost destroyed. In Mier, which is built on the bank of the Mier river, two hundred houses were wrecked and several hundred were washed away. The towns of Guernsey, on the Salado river, was inundated and fifty houses were washed away or badly damaged. Both of the rivers were swollen by the bursting of a waterspout, which did a great deal of damage to the Mexican Central railroad.

A letter has been received at London from Edwin Bay, dated at Wadala, April 17, in which the writer declares that he will never relate with truth the story of "I have passed twelve years of my life here, and have retained and occupied every station of the country with the general trust and confidence of the people, and am engaged in solving the secret for a splendid future civilization. I have seen the question to leave. All I desire England to do is to make free passage from here to the coast; that trading may be carried on with safety."

The vacancy caused by the death of U. S. Marshal Cousins, St. Louis has been filled, in part, by the appointment of his daughter, Phoebe Cousins, the female lawyer. The appointment created considerable surprise.

It is rumored that Colonel Sir West Biddings, lately returned to England from his duties as agent of the commission to settle the Afghan boundaries, will resume the office of Permanent Secretary of State, resigned by Sir Heavers Butler.

An Albanian delegation called by appointment upon the President the other day to urge the favorable consideration of Judges Pettus and Schomerville, of that State, as candidates for the vacant Justiceship of the Supreme Court of the United States.

J. C. Watson, of Dover, N. H., obtained a verdict in the Supreme Court of that State against the Boston & Maine railroad for \$484 for injuries received by his son, a boy of six years, when the child was killed in his carriage in 1881, owing to his horses becoming frightened by a locomotive. Watson said that his son was killed by a number of men who were attempting to seize some cattle near Ach'low, Ireland, the other day. Being refused they fired a volley from their revolvers and rifles into the crowd of peasants, who opposed them. An old man of sixty named John Kinneady was killed and numbers of the others were wounded.

Concerning the failure of Adams, Smith, Sherman & Co., wholesale liquor dealers for the United States, it was learned the other day that Mr. Lawrence, of the firm of Horace, Webster & Co., New York city, stated that his firm has for some time past been carrying the embarrassed Chicago house to the extent of \$200,000. The firm of Horace, Webster & Co., Mr. Lawrence says, was not over \$100,000 in assets.

Frederick Weyerhaeuser, of Rock Island, and his Mississippi river syndicate, have bought out the Knapp-Stout Company on the Red Cedar river. The syndicate will succeed in securing the lumber and the billions of feet of pine in the Chipewa, Wis., district.

HAZEL GREEN HERALD.

SPENCER COOPER, Publisher.
HAZEL GREEN, - KENTUCKY.

A NEW NATIONAL HYMN.

Hail, Freedom! thy bright crest
And gleaming shield, three hoist,
Mirror the glories of a new shine own;
Hail, Heaven-born Peace! Our light
Led by the gentle light
Shows us thy paths with deathless flowers
Peace, daughter of a strife subdued,
With us till strife be lost in endless time.

CHORUS.
Thy sun is risen and shall not set
Upon thy day divine!
Ages of unborn ages yet,
America, are thine!

Her one hand seals with gold
The portals of strife's fold;
Her other the broad gates of dawn unbars;
Her silent wail of snow,
Crowning her lofty brow,
Gleams high her diadem of Northern stars;
While others in gardens of warm flowers,
Bend Freedom's feet the South her wraith of
beauty showers.

Sweet is the toil of peace,
Sweet the year's rich increase
To loyal men who live by Freedom's laws;
And in war's fierce alarms
God gives stout hearts and arms
To freedom's sworn to save a rightful cause.
Fear none, trust God, maintain the right,
And triumph in unbroken Union's peerless
might.

Wielded in war's fierce flame,
Forged on the hearth of fame,
The sacred constitution was ordained:
Tried in the fire of time,
Tempered in war's flame,
An age has passed and left it yet unstained;
To freedom's glories may she shine
While ages fade forgotten in time's slow de-
cline!

Honor the who share
Freedom's first light and dared
To face war's desperate tide on the full flood;
Who fell on hard-won ground,
And in Freedom's name
Poured the sweetest blood of their brave
hearts' blood.
They fell, or for their glorious cause
Flaunts free the banner of the cause they died to
save.

In radiance heavenly fair
Fleets on the peaceful air
That flag that never stooped from victory's
pride;
Those stripes that softly gleam,
Those stripes that o'er us stream,
In war's grand agony were sanctified;
All that is past forgive,
That through our country we may honor
Thee.

And when this mortal life shall cease,
Take Thou at last our souls to Thine eternal
peace.
—E. Marion Crawford.

PHIL'S LESSON.

How a Self-Confident Boy Was Convinced of His Error.

"Miss Belcher is going to have a spelling bee, mother, instead of her usual entertainment, this year. She thinks it will be better for the pupils."
"Is she?" and Mrs. Moore looked up from her sewing with evident interest.

Miss Belcher was Fred's school-teacher, and every winter she had for the boys some entertainment, in which there was always a debate, and the winning side was rewarded handsomely.

But this year it was to be a spelling bee, where only one boy could win, and Miss Belcher had a scheme in her head when she changed her course of entertainments. Hitherto the boys had known nothing of their subject; now they were allowed to study a week ahead, and she wondered how many of her twenty boys would de-
prive themselves of play that week, in order to win the prize.

Philip, Fred's brother, who was reading a book at the other end of the room, looked up lazily, saying:
"Going to study, Fred?"

"Yes, aren't you? I have a splendid book to study from, with all the catch-words in it. We can study together."

"Can we?" Philip laughed good-naturedly. "No study for me this week, thanks; the base-ball match comes off day after to-morrow, and I have a number of things to attend to."

"Why won't you drop your play for your studies?" and Mrs. Moore spoke very seriously. "You will never succeed at all, and I should feel very much mortified if you were to fail right at the outset."

"No danger, mother," and Philip laughed lightly. "Spelling is my best branch, anyhow I might study a thousand words and never get out of them; so don't worry, and let me not afraid."

"Do you expect to win the prize without making any effort at all?" and Fred looked over at his brother a little indignantly.

"I may, and I may not. Every body can't be first."

"Very well; we shall see," and Mrs. Moore returned quietly to her sewing. But she sighed a little when Philip took a letter from his pocket and threw it into the waste basket, and she saw that he was keeping one of his numerous engagements; while Fred, having brought down his copy of words, took the seat he had vacated and went diligently to work.

The week went by quickly, so quickly that Friday night was upon them almost before they were aware. Every day out of that week, for at least a week, Fred had spent over his list of words, and he had the satisfaction of knowing that out of those four hundred and fifty words there was not one he could fail on; and then, besides the regular list, he had added about fifty of his own, and "five hundred regular catch-words are not a few," he had told himself, with pardonable pride.

With Philip it was different. He had not seen the inside of a spell-book, except in school hours, and when asked by some of his studious boy friends why he did not study, replied, as he had to his mother, that "it was not necessary for him to study, and anyhow, baseball matches were far more important than spelling bees any day."

Miss Belcher had hired a small hall for the occasion, with a square platform, on which her twenty boys could sit comfortably in a circle without being crowded. There were fifteen rows of benches for the audience to occupy, each bench seating about ten, and they were all well filled with the boys' parents and friends, who had come either to congratulate or console with them.

Miss Belcher, with her roll of words, sat in a high chair to one side, facing the audience, while on a table beside her were the two dictionaries, Webster and Worcester, so that there could be no dispute over the different ways of spelling the words.

She was a very stiff, middle-aged lady, with light curls, and looked exceedingly stern; but she was by no means disagreeable, and the boys all liked her immensely. She was generally spoken of as being "erisp and abrupt, but undeniably just."

At eight o'clock precisely Miss Belcher tapped a bell, and it immediately commanded silence. Then, smiling, and shaking her curls, she leisurely unrolled her manuscript and turned to the boys.

"I hope, my dear pupils," began Miss Belcher, in her sharp, quick voice, "that you will all do me credit this evening. I hope particularly that you have all studied, and though you all can not win, it will be plain to both myself and the assembled audience here, who have been the studious ones. On other occasions of the kind, more through chance than anything else, my most indolent pupils won the prize. Then there was no studying allowed. Now we shall see."

And, smiling more broadly than ever, Miss Belcher gave her curls another shake.

By some unlucky chance Philip was number one. How he got there he never knew, but he would have preferred greatly to have been anywhere else. So much was expected of a head boy, and he looked a little enviously at Fred, who was number sixteen or seventeen.

"Number one—twelfth!" and Philip positively jumped, so sharp and sudden was the little word said.

It was like Miss Belcher to hurl a word at a fellow like that, and he felt very indignant, but catching the eyes of the audience beginning to twinkle as he hesitated, he spelled it quickly, and was rather surprised to hear the same sharp voice say "Correct," he was so certain he spelled it wrong.

The fifth boy failed on "Forty," and went shame-faced outside the circle. Philip laughed to himself, and wondered why the boy should blush. He would not have cared. The boy was scared, no doubt, and knew how to spell the word well enough.

At the end of the second round, six boys had failed, but Fred still kept his place, and was now only a few chairs from Philip, who felt nervous at each word that fell from Miss Belcher's firm lips.

"Number one again—gensdarnes!" "What was the word, please, Miss Belcher?"

Miss Belcher repeated it, while a faint smile hovered about her mouth. She was waiting for Philip to fail, being well acquainted with his lazy habits, and did not pity him in the least.

"It means a color, here in America," she explained, as Philip still hesitated—"the color of the uniform worn by policemen in France."

But poor Phil made no attempt to spell it. As far as he could think, he had never heard of the word, and felt exceedingly indignant at Miss Belcher that she should ask him to spell a French word, forgetting that she had said she "included any word of ordinary use."

"Do you give it up?" asked Miss Belcher.

And then, with a bold attempt at anything, Phil stumbled over some letters, knowing all the time he was wrong, and then, a second later, ceased to wonder why the first boy had blushed when he stepped out of the circle.

Phil watched Fred enviously, as round and round the decreasing circle went Miss Belcher, and still he kept his seat. He could not say his words were easy, either, for he spelled one

correctly that poor Phil would not have known what letter to begin with.

At the end of the seventh round only three boys were left, Fred among them, and stealing a glance in among the audience for his brother, Phil saw her watching. Fred with pleased, approving eyes, and felt terribly ashamed of himself and very much abused.

This feeling had to wear off before Phil had learned his lesson. He was too proud now to acknowledge even to himself that he deserved all he received.

At last Fred sat alone, so far the winner, and Miss Belcher, who had always liked Fred and knew him to be studious and deserving, picked out three of the easiest remaining words for him to spell, and then calmly rolling up her manuscript, arose from her high chair and held out her hand in congratulation.

There was great applause then, even if there was a regretful feeling for those who had lost, and if ever Fred's cheeks burned they burned that night, when, with his stiff, old-fashioned courtesy, Miss Belcher made him owner of a handsome set of Dickens' works, richly bound and beautifully illustrated.

Miss Belcher never showed more partiality than she did that night when walking around among her pupils. She smiled on some and took only the slightest notice of others, until her motive told home and soothed the sting of disappointment of the ones who had really tried, and made the rest feel keenly their shortcomings; among whom was unfortunate Phil.

Going home that night, and helping Fred to carry his prize, he felt very bitter toward Miss Belcher and wonderfully out of sorts with himself. He offered no word of congratulation to Fred, and would not even speak to his mother.

Mrs. Moore did not intend to scold her son. She had a better way than that. And when they were alone together, after a day or so had worn off the humiliation of his defeat, she gently reminded him that perseverance is the road to success; and though Phil only "mashed" and "mashed" at the time, Mrs. Moore noticed he spent more hours at his books and less at base-ball matches, and that he was already making out a list of words in case there was a spelling bee next year.
—Golden Days.

THROAT AFFECTIONS.

A Few Words About the Permanent Removal of the Causes Producing Them.

As is the state of the stomach, so will be its index, the throat and the back part of the tongue. If the one is inflamed, the other will be angry catches, the other will have similar looks, and, if much canker is present, we may look for the "strawberry tongue," cracked, spotted and angry, with a thin, white coating, or, in some cases, the coating removed, and the whole tongue red and angry—raw. In this case, gargle the throat with alum-water, borax-water, or, as often as convenient, avoiding the use of the irritants, and improve the state of the stomach—the cause—by the use of plain, and simple food, taken only at meal times. Great relief is obtained by conducting off the local heat by the wet cloth, worn at the neck, and still more by producing an irritation on the surface—by adding mustard, or, still better and more thorough and comfortable, cayenne pepper, a thin coat sprinkled on the whole well covered by dry flannels. But remember that the real difficulty is at the stomach, and the care of that will remove the disease. The same irritation at the "pit of the stomach" will be serviceable.

There is a more purid form, a malignant sore throat, or putrid sore, in which ulceration of the tonsils may occur, which, after a few attacks, becomes more or less a habit; such persons having a return at almost every attack of colds; while in such an event there is danger that the inflammation will tend downwards, if not reach the lungs. This form is found among the scrofulous, or those who are not careful in the matter of diet, especially the use of pork, and too much grease of any kind, those not especially cleanly, or the children of such. Such will do well to be much in the air and sunlight, allowing the neck to be exposed to the sun. It is possible to remove the scrofulous taint by inheritance, though a persistent effort is absolutely needed, a "making over new." Let no one suppose that an inherited disease is incurable, since all diseases are more or less inherited.

With some it is the custom to remove the swollen part by the knife, or to clip the tonsils, which may and does afford a temporary relief, and yet it is claimed that no permanent good results. It is far better to remove this temporary swelling by a care of the health—removing the cause—crowding out disease by promoting health.—*Mothers' Magazine.*

—The value of permanent school property in Dakota is not far from \$5,000,000. It has increased from less than \$44,050 in 1872.

TEMPERANCE READING.

BABY'S SHOES.

A man with tattered garments old,
Upon whose face
Want and despair, in letters dark,
Had left their trace,

With wavering step by wine unweaved,
That heavy fall,
Paused, who low pleased in twilight mist
Three golden balls,

"Neath which he entered, as it were
No time to lose,
And on the counter laid in shame
Two baby shoes,

"Take them," he said, "I must have drink."
The clerk said: "Nay,
It were a shame the baby's shoes
To take away."

"She will not need them: cold and still
She lies asleep,
And Heaven will now the baby's feet
In safety keep."

"I have a baby, too, at home,"
One listening said—
And at the thought, in gratitude
He bowed his head.

"The little feet not still, thank God!
How could I lose,
In ruin's crimson flood of wine,
My baby shoes?"
—*Collie L. Bonney, in Youth's Companion.*

WOMAN WORKERS.

History and Object of the Woman's Christian Temperance Union.

The chief paper read before the American Social Science Association recently was written by Miss. Frances E. Willard, president of the Woman's Christian Temperance Union. The title was "Woman and the Temperance Question." It opened with a historical sketch of the society of which Miss Willard is the chief officer and of the women's Temperance societies which preceded it. The sketch was of decided interest. Some of its most striking passages were the following:

It was at the Temperance convention held in New York State in 1852-3 that the intolerance of men who would not admit women as delegates gave its great impetus to the women's rights movements, and it may be claimed without doing any injustice that the woman's movement of to-day is in no where so systematically organized, or so steadily and powerfully growing, as in the Woman's Christian Temperance Union. But it should be distinctly understood that while frankly avowed, this movement is the oblique way of the direct one, the careful circulation of Temperance literature in the people's homes and in saloons, teaching the children in Sunday-schools and the public schools the ethics, chemistry, physiology and hygiene of total abstinence; seeking permission to edit a column in the interest of Temperance in every newspaper in the land, and in all possible ways enlightening the press in this reform; endeavoring to secure from the pastors everywhere frequent Temperance sermons and special services in connection with the weekly prayer-meeting and Sunday-school at stated intervals. If they be only quarterly, establishing an anti-trust league, Temperance coffee rooms and friendly inns, homes for inebriate women, reformed men's clubs and multiplication of public drinking fountains." It is given to few reformers to see their plans so generally adopted.

During the period so brief as which has elapsed since the Cleveland convention. The international Sunday-school convention at its Atlanta meeting in 1881, in response to a great petition presented by the Woman's Christian Temperance Union, took favorable action on the request for a quarterly Temperance lesson in the international series, and the two triennial conventions since then have strengthened the provision by which 8,000,000 Sunday-school children are placed under Temperance instruction from the Bible point of view. In 1882 the first scientific Temperance instruction law was adopted by Vermont, and that great work has been carried steadily forward by the Women's Christian Temperance Union until now in twenty-two States and nine Territories the study of hygiene "with special reference to the effects of stimulants and narcotics" is by law enactment regularly taught in all grades, and in several States a failure to do this involves a forfeiture of the educational fund. Besides all this, the first Temperance legislation ever won from the reluctant National Congress, in 1886, was a result of the combined attack of our forces led by Mrs. Mary H. Hunt, of Boston, our National superintendent of this branch of our work. By its provisions the scientific Temperance law now extends to all the Territories, to the Military Academy at West Point, the Naval Academy at Annapolis, and wherever any school receives funds from the United States Treasury, placing 7,000,000 of children under scientific Temperance instruction.

Under the general divisions of preventive, educational, evangelistic, social and legal, and the department of

organization, the Woman's Christian Temperance Union now carries on forty distinct lines of work, and it is, with its thirty-eight auxiliary State and nine Territorial unions, besides that of the District of Columbia, the largest society ever composed exclusively of women and conducted entirely by them. It has been organized in every State and Territory and locally in about 10,000 towns and cities. Great Britain, Canada and Australia have also organized. As a general estimate, the returns being altogether incomplete, we think the number of local unions in the United States about 10,000, including Young Women's Christian Temperance Unions, with a following of about 300,000, besides numerous juvenile organizations.—*Saratoga Cor. N. Y. Tribune.*

BETTER THAN BEER.

An Industrious Laborer Who Makes Out-need His Own State for Malt.

"No beer, thanks."
"It will do you good, after working in the street all morning," said the foreman of a party of laborers from the Public Works Department to one of the most intelligent of his workmen during a morning on an up-town street the other day.

"I'd rather drink what I've got in my bucket."
"What's that?"
"Oatmeal and water."

"What do you drink that for?"
"To keep cool, same as you drink water."

"It doesn't rest you like beer, though."
"Try it once and see. When I began drinking oatmeal in my water, the wife had almost to make me take it. Now I wouldn't be without it. I used to drink a glass of beer every noon, two before supper and 'work the growler' before going to sleep at night. That cost about twenty cents a day. Now I save all that and get along just as well as before. I don't know what there is about the meal, but when I have had a drink of it I don't care for beer or any thing else to drink. You'd better try it yourself."

"Oatmeal in water," explained a physician to a reporter who had overheard the above-recorded dialogue, "is one of the best drinks in the world for a working-man, especially in warm weather. It is a pleasant, satisfying and agreeable to the stomach. For laborers it makes a useful addition to the diet, costs but little, and repays the small outlay in the form of increased ability to perform labor, either physical or mental."—*N. Y. Mail and Express.*

TEMPERANCE ITEMS.

Forty-four of the seventy-five counties of Arkansas have no saloons.

The farmer who raises the glass too often isn't likely to raise much else.—*Stoughton.*

Do not spend your earnings in drink, but leave something for your children.

Bodily enjoyment depends upon health, and health depends upon temperance.—*Thales.*

The "Liquor Dealers' parade," which the country is hungry for, is a parade that keeps going in a straight line and never comes back.—*N. Y. Voice.*

FROM BUNGE, a distinguished German professor of the University of Basle, characterizes beer as the most mischievous among alcoholic beverages, because no other is so seductive.

"AIN'T you in, Maria?" he queried, as he fumbled around with the kitchen key. "No, I ain't. I'm out. Out of sugar, out of fat, out of flour, out of patience, and I snatched a female voice from an upper window."

The cigarette is the devil's kindling wood. It is smoking made easy. The cigarette makes an easy grade to the cigar; the cigar prepares the way for beer, beer makes whisky palatable, and whisky leads to delirium.—*Western Freeman.*

MISS FLORENCE MACAGHON, who lives in the north of Ireland, was recently trying to persuade a fisherman to become a teetotaler. He told her he would do so if she would swim the bay between Blackrock and Port Bannan.

Nothing daunted, Miss Macaghon swam the bay, which is five miles across, and now the fisherman is a teetotaler and has signed the pledge. That's a cold-water girl.—*Boston Transcript.*

Alcohol as a Medicine.

Dr. J. H. Hansford, writing of alcohol as a medicine, says: "I well know that it has been claimed by the friends of intoxicants—their claims have never been based on science, reason or truth—asserting that, if true, its use will add to the strength, a very important matter in all cases of weakness. It should be understood that alcohol is in no sense a food, that it can never impart any strength, since it is never digested, passing into the circulation and leaving it, when ejected, as pure alcohol as when it entered, only that which is digested affording any strength."—*National Temperance Advocate.*

HAZEL GREEN HERALD.
PUBLISHED BY SPENCER COOPER.
Subscription, - \$1 a Year,
Money to Accompany the Name.
SPENCER COOPER, : : Editor.
HAZEL GREEN, KY.:
FRIDAY, : October 25, 1887.

The report comes from Kansas City, Missouri, which has been enjoying the greatest boom of any place in the Union, that her glory is waning. We do not wish that place any harm, but we do wish the misguided men, and especially Kentuckians, who are investing their capital in other States, would turn their attention to Eastern Kentucky. Here we have more mineral wealth than both Missouri and Kansas combined; more than the most sanguine of the speculators of those States ever dreamed; more than any other State in the United States can show. Now why will these people go away from home to develop other places when we can show more of everything that will after while bring money? We do not know, but this we do know. If these same people will spend a little time and money in research they will find here in the mountains of Eastern Kentucky the best field for investment ever offered—best because it will be more than a boom-bubble bursting after a little while—best, because it will prove a bottomless, unequalled, inexhaustible storehouse of treasure. Capitalists, invest your money here, and develop your own State. It would look better and pay you better.

The Philadelphia Public Ledger, Geo. W. CHILDS proprietor, has just added three printing machines at a cost of \$120,000, which are capable of printing 170,000 copies of an eight-column paper per hour. The paper has heretofore been only seven columns in size. Mr. CHILDS deserves the success he has attained, if ever man did, for he has been the poor man's friend at all times, and no appeal for aid from the deserving ever met with a refusal from him. To his employees, and their name is legion, he every year gives thousands of dollars in presents. We love to honor such a man, and express the wish, which will receive the approval of thousands, that Geo. W. CHILDS may live many years, and the while enjoy every pleasure of life. Whenever he shall aspire to the presidency he will be elected with a whoop, and THE HERALD will be found among his supporters. In the meantime, success to Mr. CHILDS and the Ledger.

It is announced that depositors in the broken Fidelity Bank, an account of the failure of which appeared in these columns at the time, will receive a dividend of 25 per cent. Many were led to believe, when the failure occurred, that they would receive nothing whatever, and some sold at a sacrifice. We are not informed as to how many depositors live in this neighborhood.

It is announced by the dispatches that Gen. B. F. BUTLER has been retained as counsel in the Chicago Anarchist case. He is to receive a retainer fee of \$1,500 and the modest consideration of \$250 a day. We know a dozen lawyers, either of whom would take the case for half the money.

Governor MARTIN, of Kansas, has commuted the punishment of J. T. STEWART, of Wichita, the young man sentenced to seventeen years in the penitentiary and fined \$20,000 for selling beer. The sentence is now six months in jail and a fine of \$600.

Natural gas was found at Bowling Green, Ky., on last Saturday at a depth of only 249 feet, in what seems to be inexhaustible quantities, and the city is wild with excitement. The blaze runs up at least thirty feet, and is as large as a tobacco hoghead.

AMBER GREEN was hanged by a mob at Delphi, Ind., last Friday, for the murder of LOVELLA MARETT, his sweetheart, sometime last spring. He protested his innocence to the last, and said the girl was not dead, but living at Fort Worth, Texas.

The Presidential party, after a very enjoyable tour of the Southern States, returned to Washington last Saturday morning. Whether this trip has resulted in good or evil to his prospects for a second term, remains to be seen.

TUCK AGER will be hung at Lexington, Ky., next Friday, for the murder of his brother-in-law, JAMES FAULKNER, a settler, last winter. The performance will be private, and held in the jail yard.

The Christian churches of the United States will celebrate the birth of ALEXANDER CAMPBELL on the 12th of September, 1888, with appropriate services.

Typhoid fever is raging in Cincinnati to such an alarming extent that it is almost epidemic.

Abe Bloch & Co.,

Manufacturers and Wholesale Dealers in Men's, Youths', Boys' and Children's

CLOTHING
122 Vine Street,
Cincinnati, O.

Maytown Mill Co.
MAYTOWN, KENTUCKY.

WOOL CARDING,
Grinding and Sawing,

Done promptly, and in workmanlike manner.
Flour, Meal,
Feed and Lumber,
For sale cheap for cash. Come and see us.
Jes24m W. W. MANKER, Manager.

MONEY to be made. Cut this out and send you free, something of great value and importance to you, which will start you in business which will bring you in more money right away than anything else in the world. Anyone can do the work and live at home. Either sex, all ages. Something new, that just costs money for all workers. We will start you; capital not needed. This is one of the genuine, important chances of a lifetime. Those who are ambitious and enterprising will not delay. Grand outfit free. Address TRICE & Co Augusta, Maine.

SHERIFF'S SALE
FOR
TAXES

By virtue of Taxes due the Sheriff of Wolfe county for the years 1885-7, Lot one of my deputies, will, on MONDAY, THE 7TH DAY OF NOVEMBER, 1887, between the hours of 10 o'clock A. M. and 4 o'clock P. M., at the court house door in Wolfe county, Ky., expose to public sale, to the highest bidder, for cash in hand, the following property, or much thereof as may be necessary to satisfy the amount of the taxes due aforesaid, and costs, to-wit:

175 Acres of land, listed in the name of I. S. T. Caudill, adjoining the land of L. M. Day in District No. 2.
214 Acres of land listed in the name of Malinda A. Little, adjoining the land of E. H. Berry in District No. 2.
100 Acres of land listed in the name of Ashbury Back, adjoining the land of Robt. Back in District No. 2. Also, school tax of 25 cents on each \$100 worth.

House and lot in Daysborough, listed in the name of V. Bunkirk.
G. T. CENTER,
Sheriff W. C.

LIVERY, SALE
AND
FEED STABLE,
HAZEL GREEN, KY.

HAVING FITTED UP A FIRST-CLASS FEED STABLE and provided myself with good saddle and harness horses and vehicles I respectfully solicit the public patronage. I will feed horses by the single feed, day, week or month, and take pleasure in giving all stock entrusted to me special attention. Horses bought and sold on commission, and will drive horses to harness for all who desire my services. All charges reasonable and satisfaction guaranteed. Stable in connection with Dry House.
J. H. PIERATT.

WARREN & CO.
Manufacturers and Wholesale Dealers in

Boots
AND
Shoes,
No. 611 Main Street, 10 Summer St.,
Louisville, Ky. Boston, Mass.

Represented by J. B. Blackburn.

S. V. McWilliams & Co.,

—NEW—

Livery, Sale and Feed Stable,
MT. STERLING, KY.

Drovers' and Traders' Headquarters.

The attention of horse and mule dealers is especially invited to our facilities for the handling of stock, and we invite all traders of horse and mule breeding counties to call on us when in the city.



ANNOUNCEMENT
OF THE
CINCINNATI
REQUIRER
FOR 1888.

An epoch in the history of American politics that promises serious and radical changes in the past and present schemes of the
Buyers and Sellers of Legislation
and Political Favor.

Of wealth produced, 80 per cent. to the non-producer and 20 per cent. for the actual producer is the unusual division between
CAPITAL AND LABOR.

The laborer has been carefully kept open for all comers, and promiscuous immigration not only encouraged, but the very worst foreign pauper labor has been contracted for and imported, in order that competition would cheapen the cost of labor and force it to accept any price offered, while every avenue of competition has been effectually closed in the interests of monopolies and
MANUFACTURERS, CORPORATIONS AND RICH
Thus it is, the

Rich Grow Richer and the Poor Poorer

A Money Power has dictated legislation and the administration of justice, both State and National, to such an extent as to render the Elective Franchise a nullity, if not a farce, and elected officials mere figure-heads.
TRUE TO ITS PAST HISTORY,

The editorial page of THE ENQUIRER will present a review of the past, the causes and effects, leading up to the present state of primary disruption in a series of truthful, exhaustive and unvarnished articles that will show you where and when originated the infamous class legislation.
During such a crisis a subsidized press, demagogic speeches and purchasable politicians so demoralize the public mind that a reliable exponent such as THE ENQUIRER is an ABSOLUTE NECESSITY WITH EVERY VOTER OF WHATEVER PARTY, CREED OR FAITH OF THE VALUES OF LIBERTY AND CONSTITUTIONAL RIGHTS WORTH PRESERVING.

FAMILY NEWSPAPER
THE ENQUIRER will stand without a peer. A guide, a comfort, a friend, a reliable exponent and producer, its market reports will be found in every corner of the country. While in size and quantity of reading matter it is equal to two of the ordinary ones, its price and other excellent features, make it the

Largest, Best, and Cheapest
Paper in the Country.

TERMS:
THE DAILY ENQUIRER.
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Sunday and Daily, \$1.50 \$3.75 \$7.00 \$14.00
Daily except Sunday, 1.25 2.50 4.00 12.00

THE WEEKLY ENQUIRER.
Price is uniform for each and every subscriber.
One copy, one year \$1.50
One copy, six months75

JOHN R. McLEAN, Proprietor,
CINCINNATI, OHIO.

THE : HERALD

AND THE
New York World
(Weekly)

Will be sent to any address, one year, for
ONLY \$2.00 ONLY.

In order to accommodate our patrons, we have made arrangements by which we will furnish THE HERALD and NEW YORK WORLD, together with subscriber's choice of the WORLD'S most liberal premiums, consisting of the following valuable books:

History of the U. S.,
History of England,
Everybody's Guide,

All for the unprecedentedly low price of
Two Dollars a Year.

The retail price of either of these books is \$2.00, and they cannot be had for less.

The New York World is the leading Democratic paper of the United States, and as a family paper it has no rival, its circulation being the largest of any paper published in any other paper on the American Continent.

Those who desire to take advantage of this liberal offer, should call on or address THE HERALD, at once. The cash must accompany every order, with 10 cents in addition for postage.
CALL AND SEE THE BOOKS.

The Baldridge & Hogan Saw Co.
Manufacturers of Best English Steel Circular and Long
SAWS

—ALSO DEALERS IN—
Files, Gummers, Swages, Emery Wheels, Leather and Gum Belting.
Our Circular Saws are at the head of the market on their merits in workmanlike, toughness and elasticity of temper and quality of steel. Always in stock.

LARGE CIRCULAR SAWS A SPECIALTY.
Work fully warranted and at Rock Bottom Prices. Send for Price List with Best Discount.
7 Vine and 861 Water Streets, CINCINNATI, O.
Hazel Green, Ky., for new work, or saws for repair, will be promptly forwarded to you.

NEW, FRESH
—AND—
CLEAN GOODS!

I am now receiving New Goods, and my stock of General Merchandise is now complete, consisting of Dry Goods, Notions, Ladies' and Gents' Boots and Shoes, Hats and Caps, Queensware, Hardware, Groceries, Drugs, Saddlery, and a variety of articles too numerous and too tedious to mention.

I propose to sell them Cheaper for Spot Cash than ever before known in this market.
Call on me, and you can Save Big Money. I'll divide profits with you.
C. B. SWANCO.

B.A. FANNESTOCK'S
VERMIFUGE
This is a safe and reliable medicine for the cure of all cases of worms, whether in the stomach or bowels, and is the only one that will cure them. It is a safe and reliable medicine for the cure of all cases of worms, whether in the stomach or bowels, and is the only one that will cure them. It is a safe and reliable medicine for the cure of all cases of worms, whether in the stomach or bowels, and is the only one that will cure them.

Having used the original "B. A. Fannestock's" Vermifuge in my practice for many years, I have no hesitation in recommending it as the most reliable and effective in all cases where a Vermifuge is needed.
J. E. SCHWARTZ & CO., B. A. Fannestock & Co., Pittsburgh, Pa., Sole Proprietors.

A Young Wife Said to Her Husband,

"My dear, I dreamed last night that you were an Angel. What is that a sign of?"

"A foul stomach," was his unpoetic answer.

People who have no such pleasant night visions, and awake feeling as though they had had no rest—nerves all unstrung, wondering "What on earth is the matter with me?" would better take some simple treatment in TIME. Persons will neglect themselves, and put off treatment until their health is gone.

What would you think of the authorities of a great city with its miles of sewerage to take away the filthy accumulations of streets and alleys allowing the sewerage to "choke up" and spread contagion and poisonous gases from decaying matter to blight that city by disease? Yet your course is just as UNWISE. The human body is well provided with all that is necessary to carrying off the "unclean," and you allow it accumulate and decompose, bringing all manner of ills to the flesh. An old Chinese proverb is, "Keep your feet warm, your head cool and your bowels open." Make a memorandum of this and try it, and if you don't keep well, there is no truth in the world.

CALVERT'S Little Liver PILLS
Will do the business for you. Sold and guaranteed by
J. T. & F. DAY, Hazel Green, Ky.
J. M. PIERATT & BRO., Ezel, Ky.
J. N. VAUGHN, Campton, Ky.

And all General Stores in Eastern Kentucky.

TRIMBLE BROTHERS.

Wholesale Grocers,
MT. STERLING, KY.,

Respectfully Invite the Mountain Merchants to Examine their Stock and Prices before purchasing.

J. T. & F. DAY,
HAZEL GREEN, KENTUCKY.

Wholesale and Retail.
Largest Stock. Lowest Prices.

Heavy invoices arriving daily, and stacks upon stacks of goods to meet every department of trade.

Live Stock, Country Produce and School Claims received in trade on notes, accounts or merchandise.
J. T. & F. DAY.

THE HERALD

Has a larger circulation in the mountains of Eastern Kentucky than any paper in the State, and merchants and others wishing to secure the trade of Eastern Kentucky, will find it the best advertising medium.

Advertising Rates.

Transient advertisements, 75 cents an inch first insertion; 25 cents each for each subsequent insertion.

STANDING ADVERTISEMENTS.

1 inch, 1 year, \$5.00; 4 inches, 1 year, \$15.00; 2 inches, 1 year, 9.00; 3 inches, 1 year, 12.00; 1 inch, 12 months, 12.00; 1 inch, 6 months, 6.00; 1 inch, 3 months, 3.00; 1 inch, 1 month, 1.00.

Special rates on larger advertisements, local notices 50 c. a line, with 5 per cent. off long time.

Marriage and death notices free, tributes of respect and obituaries 5 cents a line.

Announcements of candidates for State or District offices, \$10; County offices, \$5; calls on persons to become candidates and their answers, 5 cents a line. Payable invariably in advance.

No name will be entered upon the Subscription Book until paid for, and all subscriptions are stopped at expiration of time paid for, notice of which will be indicated by a cross-mark on the margin in front of your name. A prompt renewal will insure its continuance.

SPENCER COOPER.

GARRISON, HE SELLS CHEAP

HARDWARE, HE QUENSWARE, STOVES, TINWARE, CUTLERY, MAISONIC TEMPLE, 1001 MT. STERLING, KY.

HERE AND THERE.

Look out for the Red X Cross on your paper. It denotes that your time is up, and unless renewed at once the paper will stop coming.

Our devil says he would rather eat chestnuts than set type.

We regret to note that, for the nonce the Member Meter is under a cloud.

Dr. J. M. Kash and wife returned home Tuesday evening from a visit to Frenchburg.

Bill Lusk, of War Creek, was visiting friends and relatives in Hazel Green Sunday.

Callaway Cundiff, wife and child, of Breathitt, spend Sunday last with friends in Hazel Green.

W. J. Wallace has been appointed over-see of the streets, in place of H. F. Pieratt, who has gone to West Liberty.

Mrs. Lou Day, of this place, has been quite sick for about a week past with sore throat, but is now much better.

John M. Rose, our efficient county school superintendent, reports the schools of Wolfe county in a flourishing condition.

Prof. Erb's wife, who has been visiting her father in Lewis county since last June, arrived in Hazel Green last Saturday evening.

FOR SALE.—I have 50,000 or 60,000 brick for sale at \$3.00 per thousand. Call on J. T. Pieratt, Hazel Green, Ky. Telephone 3234. HENRY F. PIERATT.

T. A. Yelton, formerly a resident of this place, but now of Magoffin county, is here painting the new dwelling house of J. M. Rose.

Young man, when you go to see your girl be sure and let the window blinds down before you kiss her goodnight, or some one outside will see you.

The funeral of David Dennis will be preached at White Flint in Morgan county, next Sunday by Rev. Harry Little. Friends and acquaintances are invited.

When you go to Mt. Sterling you will find Fred Bassett's "Toney" Restaurant the best place to stop, and his charges are as reasonable as at any house in the place.

Dr. Mason Kash, of this place, recently performed a very serious surgical operation on Robt. Murphy, of Stillwater, for fistula, and the patient has ever since been rapidly improving.

Elder John Allen Gane died at his residence near Centerville, Bourbon county, 14th inst., aged eighty-two years. He was one of the pioneer preachers of the Christian church in this State.

J. Howard Wilson and wife, nee Miss Tipton, and Little Esther, who is a favorite with everybody in Hazel Green, came up from Mt. Sterling last Saturday evening and have been visiting relatives and friends in town and country.

WANTED.—We wish to purchase from 100 to 250 bushels of corn in the ear, for which cash will be paid. The lowest and best bidder will secure the contract. Corn to be delivered at Hazel Green. Leave bids at THE HERALD office. TABOR & RINGO.

It is expected that the new Methodist church at Goodwater's Chapel will be dedicated next Sunday. Rev. F. W. Noland, of Mt. Sterling, is expected to be present and take part in the dedicatory service, and a large crowd from the Grassy neighborhood will doubtless be present.

THE HERALD and the Weekly Cincinnati Enquirer, one year for only \$2.00. It strikes us that this is the best combination yet made, and if it hits you the same way, send us \$2.00 in cash and you will get both papers for twelve months.

A Remarkable Boy.

MT. STERLING, KY., Oct. 20. EDITOR HERALD: On Monday last, which was court day, a large crowd came to town. Of course there were curious people here, but the one who stopped off with the bakery was Harry Arthur, of Muddy Run, Wolfe county. He is a part man and part mule. The only thing about him that is different from a common, every day man is his head and face. If you look at the dog-faced Russian, you can see him. He would stand back to his Russian wilds and forever cease to parade himself as a curiosity. Harry's head instead of being covered with the usual crop of mountain "tow" hair, is entirely overgrown with a thick suit of quail feathers, and his nose runs to a sharp point like the beak of that bird. He is a great curiosity and repeated efforts have been made to take him to some museum. He is a greater curiosity than the fish-boy, found some years ago in the mountains of Eastern Kentucky. But his parents to being well-to-do, will not allow him to travel. Hundreds examined his head yesterday.—Lexington Dramatic.

The above story is all out of whole cloth, and is either a Mulhatten imaginative monstrosity or a Polk perversion. No man, boy, woman or child in Wolfe county bears the name of Arthur; no freak of nature like the one mentioned has ever found birth in Wolfe county; there is no such place as Muddy Run in the county, and the people, generally are not "tow-headed," but if Bill E. Polk, the prevaricator, or Mulhatten, the monster liar should come up here and let it be known that either of them was the author of the above Arthur story, they might find it convenient to make a run to get out of this territory. We stand to have the like the Swift silver mine discovery perpetrated upon us, but when newspapers intimate that our people are anything but straight goods, they lie and we hold ourselves in readiness to say so.

A Painful Accident.

Mrs. Wm. H. Taulbee, of Red River neighborhood, met with a very painful accident a day or so since. Senator Taulbee was in town Tuesday, and told us the following particulars: It appears that she had started to the house of her son-in-law, Mr. Patrick, who lived near, and to reach whose house she had to cross a fence. As ladies usually do in climbing a fence, she placed one end of her side and endeavored to get over sideways. While in the position of lifting her feet over the fence, the upper side of which was only three high, a large dog belonging to the family ran down to the fence and struck her arm, or jumped between her arm and the fence, causing her to lose her balance, precipitating her to the ground on the lower side, a distance of six feet. Being quite a large woman and falling with considerable force, she was so painfully hurt as to be unable to rise without assistance, which being quickly rendered she was carried to the house, and her son, Dr. John Taulbee, who was distant a half mile, summoned. He made a careful examination, and is confident she sustained neither broken bone or fracture, but notwithstanding she is unable to move in bed without assistance. Senator Taulbee reports Sam Henry, a notice of whose partial paralysis has been made in these columns, as considerably better. He is now able to walk, and Dr. John thinks he will soon be all right. While the latter he will be hailed with joy by Sam's friends and distant relatives, the news of the accident to the mother will for the moment cast a damper upon them. But as neither case is now considered serious, we hope all may soon be well with them.

Entertaining Men.

Taber & Ringo, who run the back line between this place and Rothwell, are two of the most entertaining men we know of. Anticipating the boom that is just setting in for this section, and desiring to be abreast of it, they have just moved the Day House stable for the coming year for their back horses, and are now laying in forage to supply their stock. They will keep sufficient horses here at all times to supply the demand of all who wish to go below, and at Rothwell they will be likewise prepared to accommodate all who wish to go the way to South enterprise as this deserves, and should receive, the patronage of every enterprising man in the mountains. This kind of pluck builds up a country, and all who wish to see development come to us should bestow upon these men their patronage. The successful raising of this back line will, within a year, bring more strangers among us to investigate our wealth than would otherwise come in twice the time. The strangers thus brought amongst us are those we are ultimately to depend upon for the building up of this country. They come to see us to know what we have and why we have it, and tell those friends of wealth and capital at their homes, of our wonderful wealth. A company is formed, and behold—instead of a railroad desert we find our territory crossed and recrossed with railroads! Where once poverty existed properly abounded. It all comes of bringing in outside assistance, and the back line properly encouraged will bring hundreds, ay, thousands of them.

Married at Corinth church this county, Oct. 20th, 1887, at 7 o'clock P. M. by Elder J. B. Greenwald, Mr. J. Morrison Cox, of Mt. Sterling, and Mrs. Mary Blount, of Montgomery county.

Mr. Cox is a well known business man of this city, and his bride, we understand, is an elegant woman, the widow of Dr. Blount—her maiden name was Uterback.

They are both young, but this is the second marriage of each, and each have two children. They will reside in Mt. Sterling. The Sentinel-Democrat unites with a number of friends in congratulations.—Sentinel-Democrat.

Sale of Mr. Swango's Personality.

The following is a list of stock sold at public sale last Saturday by Samuel Swango, and shows conclusively that the better sales are advertised the better will be the prices obtained.

| | |
|--|----------|
| Robert Gruelle, 11 yearling steers..... | \$170 00 |
| R. J. Rose, 1 horse..... | 36 00 |
| M. J. Swango, 1 horse..... | 67 00 |
| A. J. Hollon, 1 2-year-old mule..... | 62 25 |
| Sams, 1 3-year-old mule..... | 81 25 |
| J. M. Rose, 1 3-year-old mule..... | 95 00 |
| J. T. Carter, 1 cow..... | 20 00 |
| T. K. Tull, 1 cow..... | 18 00 |
| M. F. Linkous, 1 cow..... | 24 00 |
| J. M. Rose, 1 3-year-old heifer..... | 18 80 |
| Sams, 12-year-old heifer..... | 15 00 |
| W. J. Rose, 1 2-year-old heifer..... | 10 00 |
| J. M. Rose, 1 2-year-old heifer..... | 13 00 |
| W. J. Rose, 1 2-year-old heifer..... | 10 00 |
| Sams, 22-year-old heifer..... | 17 00 |
| M. J. Tester, 2 calves..... | 14 15 |
| Jack Carters, 2 steer calves..... | 15 50 |
| E. B. Buchanan, 1 yoke oxen..... | 69 00 |
| Dr. J. M. Kash, 1 2-year-old heifer..... | 10 00 |

\$771 65

The farming implements, household goods, &c., brought \$75.00, which makes the total sales \$846.65. John H. Flatt, the loud-mouthed, but truthful auctioneer, engineered the sale.

Mountain merchants, and all others who buy at wholesale, will find it to their interest to read the new advertisement of Chiles, Thompson & Co., Mt. Sterling, which appears in this issue. This firm handles everything to fit out a store, and we have been told by merchants of our acquaintance that Chiles, Thompson & Co. are among the most prompt to fill orders and that they make few mistakes in doing so that any wholesale house they ever had dealings with. The individual members of the firm itself is so well known that anything about them from us would be superfluous, and so it is getting to be with their conclusions, the trading man, Ollie Richard. A few months ago he came among us a stranger, but now he knows everybody, and so favorably has he impressed the people that everybody knows and likes him. Success to Chiles, Thompson & Co., and their drummer.

The many friends of John C. M. Day, of Frozen Creek, will regret to learn that he is dangerously ill in Cincinnati with quinsy. His wife, who accompanied him to that place, wrote here of his affliction, and his brother, Floyd Day, left last Saturday morning to be with him. On Saturday night another letter was received from his wife which stated that he was worse, and suffering great misery. Up to the present writing nothing more has been heard from him, but it is hoped he may by this time be much improved.

LATER.—The report from Cincinnati states that Mr. Day is so much better as to be able to take some nourishment, and it is confidently expected that he will be all right in a day or so.

Jenkins' body has been found. There is no doubt about it, whatever. THE HERALD has been told that on Saturday, and several citizens have visited the scene. No, its not a dead man to which we refer, its not a man of any kind. We are talking about Jenkins' Patent Wagon Body, the right to manufacture which belongs to our fellow townsman, W. J. Wallis. Its the handiest thing for the farmer, and boy ten years old can remove it or place it upon a wagon, and all who own a two-horse wagon should have one.

Uncle Jos Graham and wife, of Gillmore, called to see us last Friday. Uncle Joe had a nice present for us. He brought three or four very large sweet potatoes, all of different variety, and the largest citron or pumelo we ever saw. It was the first time Mrs. Graham was ever in a printing office, and she thought the mode of making news very novel.

Any and everything that can be executed with new type, first class presses and fine paper, in the hands of skilled mechanics, may be had at this office at less than city prices. It will pay any man in Eastern Kentucky to get his printing at THE HERALD office. Send for estimates, and state exactly what you want.

Married.—At the residence of the bride's father, Rev. A. M. Swango, on Stillwater, October 20th, 1887, James Lacy, of Hazel Green, to Miss S. E. Swango. Attendants, W. F. Lacy and Miss Zouliana Swango, T. F. Stamp and Miss Emma Rose, Robert S. Rose and Miss Rosa K. B. Di Rose and Miss Alice Swango.

Russell Taber was here last Saturday, and told us if we didn't take out his notice for coal he would use us for damage. He said it looked like everybody that ever heard of Pieratt's cannon coal had seen the notice and had brought him a load. Advertising pays, and no man knows it better than does Taber.

Russell Taber, of Rothwell has an advertisement in this issue to which the attention of housekeepers is especially invited. When Stamp was his list of prices we asked him how he could afford to sell so low, and his only reply was, "I lay in low for cash." He seems to be a hummer.

Rev. Mr. Hendrick, a Presbyterian minister of Flemingsburg, en route to Magoffin county, preached at the Presbyterian church in this place Wednesday evening last, and a number of married two loving couples. A pretty good night's work for a traveling minister.

Smith P. Kerr.

Manufacturer of Best Grades of Full Roller Flour, Grain, Feed, &c., WINCHESTER, KY.

Guarantee Satisfaction in Grade and Price at all times.

J. T. & F. DAY, HAZEL GREEN, KY., are Sole Agents for Eastern Kentucky for KERR'S ROLLER MILL FLOUR, and carry a large supply of the following brands, PERFECTION, Wheat Extract, WHITE PEARL, Patent Roller, MAGNOLIA, Roller Fancy, SILVER LAKE, Roller Family, GLOBE, Superfine, upon which they will quote prices and deliver at Hazel Green or Rothwell Station. n6-6m

Chiles, Thompson & Co., WHOLESALE :- GROCERS

And Dealers in Country Produce.

—Also Agents For—

King's Powder Co., Kanawha Salt Co.,

Standard Oil Company,

Perfection Flour Mills, Steel Horse Shoes,

Manufacturers Snow Flake Lime,

MT. STERLING, KY.

DELIVERED : FREE.

CHEAP GOODS!

LOOK AT THESE PRICES.

13 lbs Extra C Sugar, \$1.00
14 lbs C Sugar, 1.00
15 lbs Yellow Sugar, 1.00
Monarch Flour, 100 lbs, 2.50
Anchor Flour, 100 lbs, 2.25
5 Gallons Coal Oil, 75c
3-lb can of Tomatoes, 15c
Good Rice, per pound, 7c

Other Groceries in Proportion

Goods Delivered at Hazel Green or any point along the road between Hazel Green and Rothwell Station.

FREE : OF : CHARGE.

—MY STOCK OF—

MEN'S : SUITS

—AND—

OVERCOATS

—COMPLETE—

I can sell you as nice a suit as you can get in Mt. Sterling, at much less cost to you. I keep on hand DRY GOODS, NOTIONS, BOOTS, SHOES, HATS, CAPS, &c. In fact, everything that is kept in a country store. Call and see me, and

BRING YOUR PRODUCE.

For which I will pay the highest market price.

W. R. TABOR,

ROTHWELL, KY.

TRADERS DEPOSIT BANK,

MT. STERLING, KY.

J. M. BIGSTAFF, President.

W. W. THOMPSON, Cashier.

DIRECTORS,

JAMES CHURCH, ANDREW FRIER,

DR. R. B. DEANE, J. T. HIGHLAND,

1884

YOU can live at home and make more money at work for us than anywhere else in the world. Capital not needed; you are started free. Both easy and sure. Write to us for particulars. Large earnings from first start. Costly outfit and terms free. Better not delay. Come you nothing to see us your money and had out if you run into you with a store. H. B. BAKER & Co., Portland, Me.

